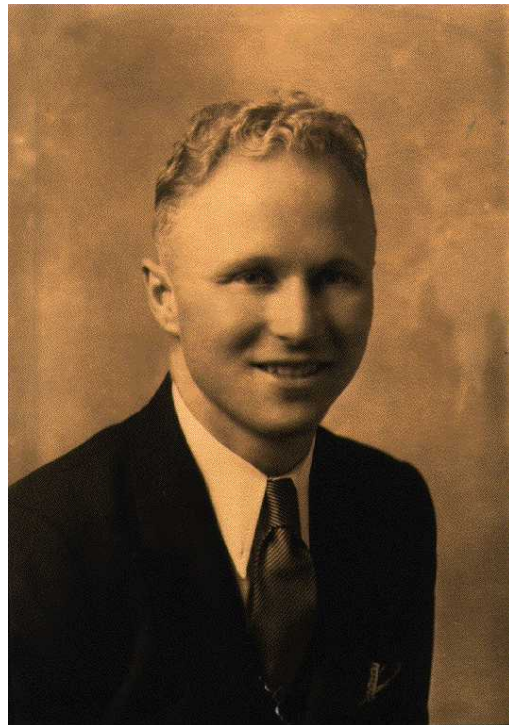


LIFE HISTORY
OF
AC HULL, JR.



[This page left blank]

I was born March 25, 1909 in the rock house by the railroad track that belonged to my grandparents. My father was Alvin C. Hull and my mother was Ella Maughan. The rock house was being built by my grandfather Robert McClellan Hull in 1891 when he was killed by an Indian. Grandmother, Mary Ann Chadwick, died in 1937 at the age of 93. My doctor was Frank Emery with Aunt Lela Beckstead there to help. I was the first of eight children of my parents, all who were born at home: Harold (Tom), Keith, Loma,



*Ella Maughan
Mother*

Robert, Dean, Russell, and Ella.

About 1912, we moved to a two-room frame house about one block south of the Whitney Chapel. In 1914, we moved to the white house on the hill about 1½ blocks east of the Whitney Chapel. This house was built in 1882 and is the oldest house in Whitney. We dug under the house for a basement



*Alvin C. Hull
Father*

in 1924. We put water and electricity in the house about 1924, and a bathroom about 1931.

For two summers we moved to the Warner place and I would give mother fits because when she got me ready for church I would go out and sit and splash in the creek. While walking to church with father and mother, I would insist on jumping back and forth over the irrigation ditch. Sometimes I would fall in.

We lived in the Warner place during the war. The Spatigs, who were German, lived just over the hill. I was afraid that they would come down and stick bayonets through us.

Some of our favorite games were: run-sheep-run, kick-the-can, soccer, hockey, and football. Sometimes we played run-sheep-run on our horses. The ponds froze up during the winter and we would set the cattails on fire around the pond so we would have light while we were ice skating. Marbles was a favorite for Tom and I. We had to put up odds 3 to 1 before the kids would play us. Sometimes we would go to Preston and win



*Alvin, Tom, Lorna, &
Mother - 1915*

until they found out we were so good. One day as we were playing, father came along and asked us how good we were. We challenged him for a game and he skinned both of us.

I had a big dog named Rover who was with me all the time. Sometimes, late at night, my folks could not find me.

Rover and I would be out together. Rover was not a cattle dog, just a dog for a small boy.



A.C. & AC jr.

During the summer, when I was too little to do much work, I would spend a week or so at River Heights with my grandparents Peter W. Maughan and Mary Ann

Naef Maughan. We either rode down in a wagon or buggy, or rode horses and drove the cattle.

Robins ate my grandparents cherry crop so my grandmother was delighted at the dozen of robins I killed with my flipper.

As I was climbing over a fence I slipped and my left leg came down on a wicked barbed wire. It made a cut in my leg about eight inches long and one inch deep. The doctor put eight stitches in it. A few days later at the ranch, we were



Mother

burning brush and I walked too much and the stitches came out. At the age of 87 you can still see the scar. (I used to claim it was done by a bear).

Tom and I used to ride into town on Sunday afternoons to see Tom Mix and other continued shows. The show would end just when the hero was in a bad fix. We would come back



*AC, William, & Lawrence
1918*

the next week to see how he got out of his mess. During the week we would discuss how the hero might be saved.

Halloween was as glorious time. A bunch of guys would get together and ride around town doing damage like crazy. We would tip over outhouses, pull gates off their hinges and carry them away, pull buggies and wagons far away, put buggies on top of sheds, take apples, melons, and other good things to eat. In the 7th and 8th grades, one of us would hide in the closet of the school

until dark and then open the door for everyone. We would empty the inkwells, put paper in the chimney and tie a wire from the doorknob to the chimney so that when they opened the door it filled the room with soot.

We would take oiled rags from the boxings of the cars on the railroad track and put the rags on sticks, then ride on the hill and set Magpie nests and brush on fire. We would pretend we were the Klu-Klux-Klan. Fires could be seen from Whitney to Preston. We found an old buggy in Franklin and loaded it in Whitney with a big pile of greased rags up front and a small pile in the back. We started the small pile and pulled it through the streets of Preston, but the large pile started too soon and we had to gallop our horses. We left a string of burning rags and parts of the wagon through the four main blocks of Preston. At about 3rd North we took our ropes off and headed east to Worm Creek for safety.

Every afternoon a small train came up the tracks. We would make a pile of weeds and when the train was about ½ mile away we would set them on fire and run through the sugar factory to Worm Creek. The train would come close to the fire. The brakeman would get out with a shovel and put out any lingering fire.

Living on a farm, we always had enough to eat, but there were sometimes when we were short on spending money and clothes. When we did not have spending money we would do

without and substitute horseback trips or other things that did not cost money. When we were old enough to see girls, and if it was necessary to go on a date, we would take a tied sack of barley to the mill and get 50¢. The Isis theater cost 10¢ each, a banana split cost 10¢ each, and we had 10¢ in spending money for the week.

Clothes were often thin or patched. We usually had one set of work clothes and one set of best clothes. Though they were the best we had, they were not good by present standards. However, most others were in the same fix so it was not bad.

Shoes were a problem. When we were young we were barefoot in the summer and had shoes for the winter. When we got older we had work shoes. When these were new they sometimes served for best shoes also, but when they accumulated a good cover of manure or beet pulp they were not suitable for church. Our best oxfords seemed to be dirty and scuffed by rough use and we blackened them with soot from the stove. We walked and ran so much that the soles got thin and finally had holes. We would put pasteboard inside to protect the socks. When we were going to a dance we had to take extra pasteboard for replacement. The pasteboard was



Mother and children - 1921

terrible in wet weather. However, I do not remember that we worried much about wet feet.

Looking back, I do not remember just when the times of tightness were, but know that they occurred at various times in grade school and in high school, and then at times during the depression from 1929 to 1933. It wasn't so bad because everyone else was in the same fix.

In upper grade and high school years we had chicories. The group would decide where the chickens should come from (usually from some man who was a grouch). The boys would get the chickens and the girls would cook them. We



Children - 1922

would have a good meal and then play games, often kissing games. One night at

Wallace's we

were short two chickens. Shorty Farnes and I got two out of the Wallace coop. Another time Les Dunkey and I were to get chickens from Theron Swainson. Les caught them by the legs and the chickens squawked. Theron heard it and came out. Theron thought we were there and called his hired man to come out with a gun and gave us until the count of ten to come out of the trees. If we were

not out by ten they were going to start shooting. At he got closer to ten, the counting got slower and there was a little speech in between each number. At ten the guns went off. Theron shouted to his hired hand "No, shoot in the air, that's what I am doing!" After he went into the house, we took the chickens and ran.

I went with my Father to buy the white house that was for sale. The Japanese who were living there gave each of us a big apple. Father started to eat his and as soon as I could I stopped him and said that we would both die from poisoned apples. Father laughed and said that the Japanese would not do that to us.

All through the grades in Whitney I did well in school and was usually the teacher's favorite. Miss Foote was my teacher in the first and second grades. Tessie Lincoln who was sweet and beautiful taught the 3rd and 4th grades. Donna Bensen and I went through the two grades in one year. Donna then moved to Logan and left me with the kids that were older and bigger than me. Donna was my sweetheart and I missed her. Hazen Daines taught the 5th grade. After the 4th grade I was usually the smallest in my class.

About twice a year we would sluff school. We would go up in the hills, or down to Worm Creek, or go to the Sugar Factory. The next day at recess or after school we would have to write

about what we did.

I pitched and played for the school baseball team. I was a good pitcher but I was poor in hitting and catching. The only fight I ever had was with Merlin Farnes over Mary Dunkley. He knew how to fight and I knew nothing. He bruised and cut me but I knew he smoked and that he could not last long so I took the punishment until he got tired and then I knocked him down so hard that he could not get up.

Alvin H. Beckstead and I were going to get rich on the Muskrats in Spring Creek. There were many muskrats and we caught plenty. We did a poor skinning job so we got a low price and did not make much money. There used to be a lot of jackrabbits and big white hares in Whitney. We would catch them with wire snares around the neck as they followed their trails under the fences. We would hang them up in the chicken coops for the chicken to eat. I was assigned the care of 200 chickens in the two coops. I did this during the latter part of grade school and all during High School. It was better than milking cows.

While Bob and I were gathering cattle in the hills I did a lot of shooting with my revolver. The cylinder of the revolver had a dent and sometimes the shell would not go in far enough to be fired. I took the cylinder in my left hand and hit the unfired shell with the butt of the revolver. It

went off and went through two fingers and lodged in my wrist. I had Dr. Cutler cut it out. When he told my mother about this she was upset. The scar is still visible.

We would often take the ripe tomatoes or rotten apples and hide in the weeds and throw them at cars that passed. The drivers never caught us but father found us out and that was the end of throwing for AC, Bob, Jack, and Tom Hull. Bob wondered if the angels told Father that we did this.

When we were older we would load up a Model A truck with our overripe produce and give some Preston people a chance to clean up. Taking a group of Scouts up Bear River to camp, they unloaded the produce on a commissioners car. When we got back to camp we had to give the commissioners car the best wash job it ever had.

I attended Primary and religion classes faithfully. Louise Atkins was my teacher and she forgave me for the tricks I used to pull, such as turning a snake loose in class.

Summer was delightful. I always started the summer out by having my hair clipped and going barefoot. There were several trips to the ranch. At the ranch we would fish in the creek, shoot grouse in the willows, and watch beaver up the creek. When we were older there was work to do, but just being there was fun even with the

work.

The Chadwick and Hull reunions were fun. Father and Uncle Roy Hull would race to them, while mother and Aunt Allabell tried to slow them down. There were few cars on the road and they would race neck and neck. Father was more daring and would usually win.

Scouting was organized in 1923. I started out as a scribe, then Senior Patrol Leader, then Assistant Scout Master. The leaders that I worked with were: Ezra T. Benson, Rudgar Daines, Carl Cutler, Harold Handley, Victor Lindblad, and Preston Pon. I became the first Eagle Scout in Whitney and also the first one in the county. I attended many camps. One of the choicest ones was as Assistant Scout Master to Ezra T. Benson. We walked up Cub River and the German Dugway, down Paris Canyon, then stayed four days at Bear Lake and finally down Logan Canyon to Rick Springs.

In the winter it was fun to whirl with a sleigh on the Whitney corner. Les Dunkley had one of the best whirling teams. The Saturday night before Butch and I were leaving on a mission we had a good whirl. The runners caught in a bank and we tipped over and the dumpboards were scattered all over with Butch in the middle with broken ribs.

Tom and I were the first ones to have skis in our area. At first we would go to the pasture

slopes and then the hills above Ballifs. We would also ride in the barrow pits behind cars with a fifty-foot rope. Sometimes the barrow pits were rough and we would get piled up. We would go up to 60 mph.

I made a heavy sled about fourteen feet long and we would pull it behind a sleigh or a car. It was a sturdy sled but it was hard to steer. We went up on the hills above Ballifs. As we came down on the first ride, Les was afraid that we were going too fast and stuck out his leg to slow us down. He hit a rock and turned the sled around. He claimed that his leg was broken. We did not believe him. We said "If it is broken we would hear it grind." We twisted the leg and got a small grind and a loud scream. We hurried Les to the doctor.

One winter, Tom and I went to the Carter Ranch to spend Christmas vacation with Charlie Atkins who was feeding cattle. He would take us out hiking and show us lion tracks. We knew that they were not lion tracks, but we pretended that they were. With several feet of snow the ranch looked beautiful.

Our family haying crew was AC and Tom pitching on the load, Tuff loading, Dean running the Jackson Fork, Keith putting the hay in the loft, and Russell riding the derrick horse. We were quitting one afternoon about 6 pm when father

came by and asked us “Why quit so early?” I asked him how many loads did he put up in one day. It appears that even though we quit early, we hauled five more loads and ours were just as big.

One day a flood, caused by a heavy rain, came down Spring Creek. Stuff began to pile up against the net wire across the creek. I took an axe to cut the wire and release one end. When the wire came loose the stuff behind it took me into the creek. I went down the creek about a half a block with mother screaming every time I came to the surface. I finally got to a bank, but with all the trash that was in the stream I easily could have been pulled under. My guardian angel was watching over me that time.

I had a horse named Shylock. He could gallop the sixteen miles from the ranch and still be ready to race. We often had horse races and Shylock would always win. He was also a very gentle horse, so the little kids could ride him.

The first two years at High School I rode a horse three miles to school. I was usually late with the chores and I had to gallop to get there on time. In the winter it was cold and galloping the horse gave me a windchill that would not thaw out until after the first class. I tied my horse in trees across the street from the school.

When I was a freshman in High School, I was very bashful. Martha, my cousin, was very popular and decided to help me. She invited me to a dance. When the dance was about half over I got tired and asked Martha if she could get home without me. She said yes and I took off.

Even as a sophomore Don Meek and I were the smallest kids in school. As a junior I began to fill out and at 165 pounds I was able to play football for Preston High. I played guard and earned a letter and sweater.



*First year of Football at Preston High
1927*

I often watched our hired man chew tobacco. One fine day, Les and I each got a plug in Preston and started home. I got so sick that I fell off the horse and threw up, then rolled over and threw up again. I looked up at Shylock and imagined that he was saying “you damn fool.” This was three times with tobacco; first, last, and only.

Alvin H. and I both had model 12 Winchester shotguns. We would hunt grouse together in the hills east of Whitney and in Cub River. We would both shoot so quick that it sounded like one shot.

In 1921, I had a garden project. Howard Ballif and I went to Boise on a train. We slept and ate at the fair grounds. We had a good time and it

was good to have Howard there to show me around. Two years later, I won a scholarship to the University of Idaho with a calf project. Instead of the U of I, I went to Brigham Young University and met Mayme.

Tom and I had many choice hunting trips; usually chickens and deer. One day we rode up Slate Rock Ridge with Nate Hale. It was very cold and the wind was blowing the snow. We told Lynn that we were not cold, but sleepy and wanted to lay down in the snow for a few minutes. Nate knew that we were freezing and made us get off our horses and build a fire. As we got warmer it was extremely painful. When we got warmer, Nate shot five deer that we took back to the ranch. My first deer was Oct. 20, 1929. There were a lot of hunters at the ranch and they all told me what I had done wrong. Cousin Delores Beckstead shut them up by saying that I was the only one with a deer. I got a lot of deer in Franklin County, then in Boise, followed by Nevada, Colorado, Wyoming and other places in Idaho. I got antelope in Idaho and Wyoming and elk in Idaho, Utah, and Montana.

My favorite hunting was pheasants, blue and ruffed grouse, chukkers, sagehens, geese and ducks. In a day with my dog I got 22 pheasants

from a cattail slough for a dinner at Bensons. Later we had a some choice rabbit hunts with the Elders, Agronomy group, or the Hull tribe. We hunted in Kelton, Howell Valley, and Promontory. We would get from 30 to 120 rabbits each. My Browning auto-loading shotgun would get hot.

One bright September day, the folks took me to Logan to start college. We drove around the campus and I asked if I could go to the B. Y. U. They said OK so we went to Provo and there I eventually met Mayme. I boarded at Sister Amanda Dixon's. I roomed with Bruce Cox, the freshmen president. Others there were David Hart, the student body president, Irel Hart, Don Lloyd, Harold Clark, Bill Jackson, and Paul Dixon.

Freshmen were not permitted to wear corduroy pants. I wore them often and was taken to court many times. After the court case and a large wooden paddle applied to my fanny, I went home in a barrel, box, shorts, or a grass skirt, which I still have.

The pants would be put in the news office where a friend would get them for me and I was ready



1930



AC & deer

Sept. 1945

to again continue my one-man campaign to wear cords.

I went with a lot of girls to parties, dances, games, etc. During the fall quarter, I met Mayme Laird and was attracted to her. Our first date was Nov. 20. We went together quite a lot. The first Sunday, I called her to go to a show. After a silence she said "I don't go to shows on Sunday, but if you will come over we can go to church together." I did and it took her nine years to get me fit to be her husband. The second year at BYU was much like the first. The depression hit the third year and I went home to work on the farm. I worked with the tractor but I did go to Utah State University the winter quarter. I fell in love with Ora Bishop, but with Mayme in the back of my mind I cooled it off.



AC as a missionary

In the fall of 1930 I was called on a mission to Germany. This was terrible and the last place in the world I wanted to go. However, after the first few months in Germany, it was a choice mission and at the end of my mission it was the best place in the world. I arrived at the mission home Jan. 6, 1931. They try to teach country boys how to flush



*AC & Bill Dursteller
1st Companion 1931*

toilets. I was set apart for my mission on Jan. 14 by Orson F. Whitney. We left Salt Lake City by train and sailed on the USS Harding. I arrived in Hamburg, Germany on Jan. 26. Then, I arrived at Fielefeld, my first field of labor, on Feb.

2. There I worked with Bill Dursteller, Conrad Kleinman, and Bland Sutton. In Osnabruek I worked with Otto Baer (a German) and Hiram Hirschi. In Uchthe, my companions were Alvin Carpeter and Delly Layton. In Buende, I worked with Rulon Carpenter and Alfred Niederhauser (Swiss). In Elberfeld, I worked with Russell Flamm. I was the last missionary in Elberfeld. Most of the towns where I worked were medium to small size. We would also select other small towns and tract them and hold meetings in their beer halls.

Over 90% of our travel was on bikes. It was miserable when rain poured and we had 10-15 miles to ride, but we were young and got along OK. I did more tracting than



AC on mission 1933

most of my companions and was able to baptize

nine people. The average was three to four.

One of my choice missionary experiences was when I had been in Germany about one week and was tracting alone with a prepared speech in German. One lady was friendly and I kept going back to her. Later she was baptized and she said “Brother Hull, when you came to me the first day I did not understand a word you said. I knew that it was not German, but you were so sincere that I knew that you were telling the truth.”



*AC ready to come home
from German Mission
1933*

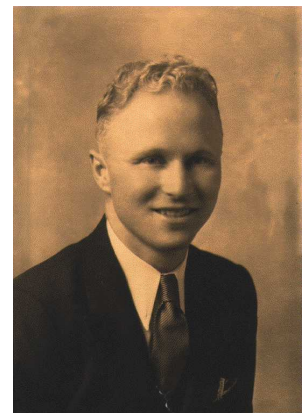
Monday was our free day. We would go swimming, to a show or opera, or some historic places such as a castle. Where it was possible, we would join with one or two other missionary couples. This was a wonderful mission and I had a love for the German people.

With two German

companions, I learned the German language well. When I went back to Germany 43 years later, I could talk with and understand the Germans. The German language later helped me attain my Doctorate degree. The Germans knew that I did not like Hitler.

With the depression, there were not many

missionaries. I left Elberfeld on August 2, 1933 and went up the beautiful Rhine river. I spent two days in Vienna and other places, and arrived in Hungary on August 7 to attend the World Scout Jamboree. At the Jamboree, I met Merrill Christopherson and Jim Anderson from BYU, Harvey Hatch, Merlin Shaw, Frank Fister, and Arthur Gaeth. We had a wonderful time and often rode out in Hungary where the natives gave us presents. Because I was blonde, I received more presents than most scouts.



After the Jamboree, Merrill, Jim and I traveled over Yugoslavia, Italy, Switzerland, and France. We wore our uniforms and they really opened the doors for us, especially on travel. We held the Pope’s hand but we did not kiss it. The Pope said “Where do you live in America?” I said “Utah” and that was the end of the conversation. I got letters from Mayme in Switzerland and showed one to Merrill. He said “she loves you—Do you love her?” I had to admit that she was the only girl that I really wanted. We went to France on August 31, Belgium on September 4, Holland on September 5, and England on September 12. We left England on September 14

and arrived in the USA on September 24. I visited Merrill in New York, Shaws in Washington D.C., the World's Fair in Chicago, and Independence, Missouri.

I arrived in SLC on October 24. The folks were there to get me. Mayme was there to attend a conference and we went out that night and I had a feeling that she was mine. When I got home, I was impressed by how hard the depression had hit and how the members were not living their religion as well as the Germans.

In 1933, Tom and I wanted some independence. We asked Father if we could have half of the milk check. We divided our half somewhat as follows: AC and Tom 19%, Keith 14%, Lorna 12%, Tuff 10%, Russell 8%, and Ella 6%. As the younger kids got older, their percentages were increased. We were more concerned now about the cows. Russell and Ella chose me as their banker. When they wanted money, they would come to me. This continued until after I was married in 1936.

In the fall of 1933, I was put on the Executive Board of the Scout Council. At my first meeting in Logan, I met Ray Becraft. He seemed to take an interest in me and asked me what I intended to do. I told him I was going to school

and majoring in Agricultural Economics. He explained that he thought Range Management in the U.S. Forest Service would be better. He taught Range Management at USU. I was quite taken with him and thought that if he was a range man that it would be good for me.

I started in Range and finished in March, 1936 at Utah State University. I took the Jr. Range

Civil service examination in 1935 while I was still a junior. I obtained 87 which was the second highest in the U.S. There were 700 people who took the exam and only 105 passed.

During this time, I was the Scoutmaster in Whitney, the District Commissioner of the Franklin Stake, a member of the Scout Council Executive Board and the Superintendency of the Whitney Sunday School. I also graduated from the LDS Institute under Dr. T.C. Romney.

During this time there were trips to Idaho Falls where I fell deeper in love with Mayme. I finally chose leap year, March 13, 1936 to take Mayme to a Delta Phi dance at the LDS Institute and to give her a ring after the dance at Nicotine Point. During the dance, Mayme found the ring in my pocket, so it was not much of a surprise for her.



Family 1936

Jerry and Dorothy Klomp were some of our best friends. While Mayme was getting ready for the dance, I showed Dorothy the engagement ring. She was surprised I was considering marriage. Dorothy was a “Mother Hen” and very gullible so I told her I was not serious but that Mayme was well along in years and may not have another chance. Dorothy was very upset and said that I would not do this. I said that we both had similar backgrounds and the love might come. She said that she was going to tell Mayme and I said “NO!” She kept up during the dance.

Jerry and I had to travel a lot so Mayme and Dorothy had the opportunity to spend a lot of time together. Finally Dorothy asked Mayme about our love affair. Dorothy got so upset that she could hardly speak to me. For years after when she would introduce me to people, she would say “this is AC but do not believe a word he says because he is a liar.”

Mayme had decided to go on a mission in the summer of 1935. She asked me to go with her as she talked to the Stake President. He said “Now Mayme is getting along in years and marriage is more important for her than a mission. Brother Hull, will you wait for her to complete her mission?” With the Stake President looking at me

there was nothing to say but “Yes.” This YES gave me the sweetest girl in the world and a companion to help on the straight and narrow. After seven months in the mission field, Mayme came home. We decided that she would get ready for marriage and I would find a job.



Mayme as a bride, 1936

After I was done with school, we went to Ogden to see Dr. Stewart about a job. He said that he would keep me in mind. A week later he called me in Idaho Falls. I spent several minutes telling him that \$166 a month was a lot and that I would work for less. With the promise of a job, we set the wedding date for June 10. I went to work April 7, 1936 and was assigned to the Artificial Reservation

Project. When Mayme and I were married, I had a few dollars left out of my \$166—enough to make my final payment of \$75 on my engagement ring.

I was to pick Mayme up at 10 a.m. and we were to be married at 6 p.m. in the Logan Temple. En route from Idaho Falls, the Chevy coupe (Jersey) broke down in Shelley and in Downey. We finally got going and got to the Cache County Courthouse at 6:15 pm. We must have looked moonstruck as wandered across the lawn. The county clerk took us in for the license and said that he could perform the ceremony as it was too late for the temple. I asked if we could call the

temple. At the temple they said that it was too late and asked if we could come in the morning. I asked what time in the morning and told them that we had a motel in Ogden and we would be back in the morning.



Wedding Day at the Logan Temple— June 10, 1936

There was silence for a few seconds on the phone and then he said “Come right up.” We did and we were married at 6:45 pm by Pres. William A. Noble. We must have been the black sheep because neither of our families nor friends came to our ceremony. They did not seem to care if we got married.

After our wedding, we had a short tour. We went up Weber Canyon to Heber, then down Provo Canyon to Provo where we stayed with Mildred Young for two days and then back to Ogden. We rented apt. #27 in the Western Apartments on 400 27th street. We were 2½ blocks from work, ½ block from church, and ½ block from the grocery store. We got along real well on my salary of \$166 a month. We did not have a car for 3 years.

I was on the Scout Troop Committee, Advisor to the Deacons, Supervisor of the Aaronic Priesthood, Second Counselor and then First

Counselor to Bishop Grant Lofgreen. Mayme was busy with everything, especially MIA and Sunday School. We enjoyed the ward and had dances and lots of fun. We built a scout cabin, planted shrubs and grass.

In April of 1937, we moved to Mrs. Thomas’ duplex at 2616 Jefferson (same ward). Nancy was born here December 9, 1937. We were thrilled to have a daughter. She was so beautiful that we could hardly believe that she was ours.

During the first years of work we did a lot of planting on the terraces near the top of the mountains east of Bountiful and Farmington. We also put out lots of plots in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada. Nevada was choice. We had two new houses built for our use. Mayme and I, Henry and Margene Peterson, and Joe Cutler



*Mayme, Nancy, & AC
November 1938*

would travel in two pickups for the work there. One year we planned to hunt deer there. We would finish our work Friday, hunt Saturday, go to church Sunday, and be back to Ogden on Monday. We worked like troopers and finished late Saturday. When we told the girls we were going to hunt on Sunday it was worse than adultery. It was

Margene's turn to pray Sunday morning. She said a long prayer, but in essence it was "Dear Lord, you should strike them dead for thinking of hunting today, but we love them and so for our



Hull Family 1939

sakes, will you bring them back safely?" We borrowed two horses from the Clover Creek Ranch. We got a medium 3-point and a large 4-point buck. Henry wouldn't shoot so I had to do both. Tuesday, after we returned, Bishop Lofgreen asked me where we were Sunday. I said "Nevada." "What were you doing?" "Hunting Deer." "Were you successful?" "Yes, two deer." "You will never do that again because Sunday you were installed as my counselor." He was right. I have never done it again.

One day, Henry and I were walking on the ridge just above the house in Clover Creek and we saw a nest of rattlesnakes. I was supposed to rake them downwards and Henry was to have a shovel above me, to get any that remained behind. I missed two. Two of them, with their tails on the end of the shovel handle, had their heads in the steel blade of the shovel.

Robertson, who followed us, had the snakes come right down to the steps of the house.

We used the Clover Creek house for two years. The Paradise House was not finished, so we stayed in a hotel of the Basque Saloon. It was noisy but it was very clean. We had a pitcher of water and a wash basin. Mayme asked the manager for the bathroom. The Basque took her over to the back window and pointed to a path leading out to the little house.



Dad & Mom - 1939

In 1939, we decided to get an M.S. degree at BYU. We closed our apartment and took all necessary belongings, and Nancy, on a bus. We found a miserable but cheap apartment near the Ladies Gym. We shared a bathroom with the owners. The walls were paper thin and Nancy cried much of the night. The kitchen was tiny with a combination coal and electric range to cook and keep both rooms warm with. We had a combination bed and living room. For me it was thirteen hours study and school, nine hours sleep, and two hours miscellaneous. Saturday was shopping. We pushed Nancy seven blocks in the stroller to



*Masters Degree
BYU 1940*

the store. We filled the stroller with groceries and carried Nancy home.

I received an M.S. degree in Soils in 1940 from Dr. T.L. Martin. Father and Mother came down to see me graduate. Mayme, Father and Mother were proud of me. These were three hard months for Mayme, but she never complained. She helped type, read books, and everything she could besides doing housework under near primitive conditions with a crying baby.

We went back to Ogden. While there I was a home teacher, Ward Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor, Stake MIA Board, District Commissioner, and taught the High Priest class. Mayme was also very busy.

On a trip to Nevada with our Washington boss, he found out that I didn't drink or smoke . He was a Christian Scientist who did the same. This put me in good with him and the first appointment that came up in Washington, I got it.



Hull Family 1941

In June 1939, we bought our first car, a deluxe Chevrolet for \$700. Keith and the folks picked up the car from the factory. In 1939, I gave my first paper at the Utah Academy of Science. I was proud of it.

This was the first of 150 publications.

In April 1940, we moved to 2800 Marilyn Drive. This was an old but lovely house high on the east side in a fancy side of town. We continued to attend the Fifth Ward.

In the summer of 1941, we had a choice trip down the Salmon River. I did not realize that Idaho had so many trees, rivers, and mountains. It is beautiful.

Susan was born January 24, 1942, the week before my brother Dean passed away. We had a beautiful, dark, curly-headed girl who was too beautiful to belong to us. But we loved her.



Playhouse that AC built for Susan & Nancy - 1942

In the spring of 1942, I was transferred to the Arrowrock Station, 26 miles southeast of Boise. We moved there in April. It was an isolated station on the top of the ridge, south of the Boise River. The last ten miles of the road was up and down and around, seldom traveled. Every Sunday we drove in for church. We would take a lunch to eat in the park and then stay for Sacrament Meeting. With the winding road, Nancy and Susan usually threw up almost every morning. We went to the First Ward and had many good friends. In

the winter we moved to 1607 Ressigue, Boise, in the Second Ward. There I was on the Scout Troop committee and taught Genealogy. Back at Arrowrock the next summer we began to enjoy it, except for the road. We had a nice garden, I got two deer, and went on my first fire. We went on a weekly picnic with some friends with whom we held a Book of Mormon class.

On October 2, 1943, we put Nancy and Susan in bed and went out to pick strawberries. The kids came out and we told them to go back to the house. When they did not want to go they noticed that the house was on fire. Fire extinguishers and the garden house did not do any good. When we saw that the house was gone we put the hose in the basement to save some of our canned fruit. It saved some but took the labels off. The cat in the girls bedroom, my guns, and billfold, Mayme's purse, and her choice German doll, our new aluminum wear and new furniture went up in smoke. We had our work clothes on, Mayme's fur coat was in storage and her choice antique dishes were still packed in the garage. Aunt Gettie's genealogy book and two pictures were in a box under the bed in the front porch. They were not supposed to be there, but they were and so they were saved from the fire. After the fire, we moved up to the tent house and



*Mayme & AC in front of
Orange Trees*

prayed in gratitude for losing everything except our girls.

The next morning, I went in and told the Bishop. The ward had a give-away party and all items went to us. The fire was during the war, and even though we had money there was nothing in the stores to buy. The Relief Society President came out with boxes of towels, sheets, an ironing board, egg beater, and things from the give-away party. The members and everyone brought canned goods and fruit and garden produce for canning. The Japanese who brought fruit and vegetables to Safeway always added some for the Hulls. The neighbors out in our isolated area brought many things. The Forest Service personnel were good to bring food and utensils. Mayme got a coat to wear and I got a suit and a topcoat to wear for a month or so. People were so good and brought so many things for which we were grateful. We found that we could receive with gratitude. A member who worked for a sporting goods store got me a Remington 12-gauge repeating shot gun. Our next-door neighbor was a manager of Sears. He managed to get us a washing machine and two bicycles. One for his daughter Mary Kay and one for Nancy.

In the fall, we moved into Jensens' fully equipped home at 1718 Vermont. In the spring,